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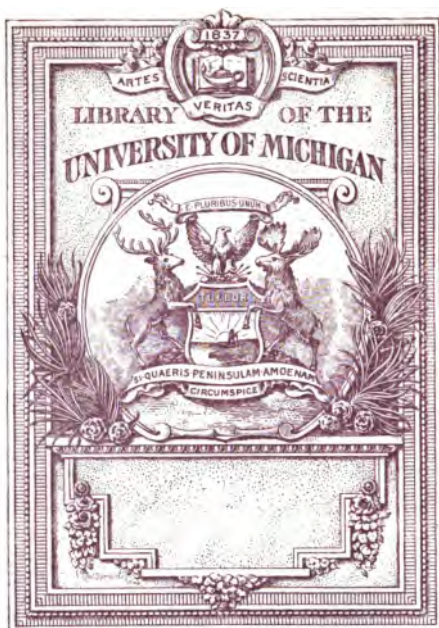
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Pocahontas

By
TECUMTHA *present*

Roscoe, Edwin Oliver

Member of the International Literary
Association



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INTRODUCTION.

History and the drama have each their distinct and separate spheres. The drama is especially suited for the illustration of moral quality. A biographical work must of necessity confine itself to facts which may, should any question arise, be authenticated from some reliable source.

The dramatist is eminently an analyst of character. He employs the facts where he finds them adaptable to his purpose. In other cases he transforms actual occurrences—transfigures them where possible — adding what probably occurred, what was probably said, and in remote instances, where he wishes to idealize his hero or heroine, describing circumstances which may never have occurred, but to which, had they taken place, his hero or heroine would, in the dramatist's judgment, have sustained a relation similar to that of the character he describes.

While the writer finds himself always best satisfied with his task when his drama most nearly approaches an accurate portrayal of history, yet it would be well-nigh impossible to poetically dramatize the actual historic facts concerning any character, so few of his actual words being usually recorded.

Withal, the writer hopes to instruct his readers by constantly keeping in view the prime motive of a dramatist's labor which is, the poetic interpretation of heroic character.

It is entirely fitting that the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Jamestown Settlement be celebrated in Virginia. The writer desires that this volume be regarded as his contribution to the Jamestown Exposition of 1907.

BIOGRAPHY.

POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, the Indian Chief, was born about the year 1595.

Her heroism in saving the life of Captain Smith was an act which shall forever place her name among the noblest in all history's annals.

In 1613 she became the wife of a young Englishman named Rolfe and they were happily married in the little Jamestown church, which was prettily decorated with wild flowers for the occasion.

Before marriage she received baptism and was given the Christian name of Rebecca.

Three years later, accompanied by her husband, she visited London. Her simple manner and genial disposition won all hearts and she was everywhere welcomed.

The following year, 1617, while preparing for the return voyage to her native land with her husband and infant son, she suddenly passed to a heroine's reward.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Captain John Smith, son of George Smith, was born in 1580, in England.

At about fifteen years of age he drifted into France and for ten years led a life of adventure in Europe, Asia and Africa.

In 1607 he sailed for America with an expedition of three ships, the *Susan Constant* of 100 tons, commanded by Captain C. Newport, the *God Speed* of 40 tons, commanded by Bartholomew Gosnold, and a pinnacle of 20 tons, commanded by J. Ratcliffe. There were 140 colonists and 40 sailors on board.

The fleet reached Dominica in the West Indies, March 24, 1607, and the main land April 26, 1607.

In an order for the colony's government brought with them and opened on reaching their destination, Smith was named as one of a council of seven to select an annual president who with the council should govern the colony. The three ship captains were also named as members of this council and Smith was himself at one time named president of the colony.

Want of food proved to be the chief obstacle encountered by the colonists. "Our food was but a small can of barley sodden in water, to five men a day," says one writer. Many of the colonists died of hunger. Smith volunteered to procure food from the Indians. At first he was successful in this but was finally and only after a courageous struggle captured by Opecanchanough, brother of Powhatan, whom he succeeded in 1618.

Smith attracted the attention of the Indians by entertaining them with the peculiar qualities of his compass, explanations regarding the movements of the heavenly bodies and other devices.

However, about January 5, 1608, he was taken to Powhatan at Werowocomoco, the Indian village.

After a long powwow the braves decided upon the execution of Smith. His arms were bound. His head was placed on a stone. The huge war-club of Powhatan was raised. At this moment Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, seeing that no entreaty would prevail, threw her arms about Smith and laid her own head upon his to prevent the fatal blow.

Her heroism was rewarded. The savage club was lowered and Smith was again accorded liberty. The Indians ever after proved his friends and Pocahontas often visited the colony with baskets of maize for the settlers.

Smith left Jamestown October 4, 1609, returning to England and though afterwards visiting various points in North America, he never again returned to Jamestown. The last years of his life were devoted to writing.

On June 21, 1631, he passed to his reward. His ashes rest in Saint Sepulchre's Church, London.

DEDICATION.

To honor those whose statesmanship and light,
Construct the Panama Canal we write;
To all who dwell in universal place,
Regardless of their color, clime or race;
To human hearts, in one respect the same,
They love the blaze of heroism's flame;
To him whose glory near and far is famed,
The man for whom your humble scribe is
named;
To the Great Father's love, whose joys increase,
Tecumtha humbly dedicates this piece.

1870

POCAHONTAS.

Time.—*The Seventeenth Century.*

Places.—*Virginia and England.*

CHARACTERS.

POWHATAN, the Sachem.

POCAHONTAS, daughter of Powhatan.

OSCEOLA, the Counselor.

HIAWATHA.

MINNEHAHA.

OPECANCHANOUGH, brother of Powhatan

SAMOSSET, the Messenger.

GERONIMO, the Warrior.

CANONICUS.

BLACK HAWK.

CHOCTAW, the Stone Worker.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

BRAVES.

INDIANS.

WILLY. } Children of Rolfe and

MINNIE. } Pocahontas.

WILLIAM, the English Quaker.

ROGER, the Religionist.

ROLFE, the Cavalier.

SMITH.

PASTOR.

SOLDIER.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

LORD MAYOR.

COLONISTS.

GUESTS.

Act I.

SCENE I.

THE POWWOW.

Time.—1607. *Night.*

Place.—*Werowocomoco.*

POWHATAN.

POCAHONTAS.

HIAWATHA.

MINNEHAHA.

OSCEOLA.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

SAMOSET.

GERONIMO.

INDIANS.

The Indians dance around a camp fire to an accompaniment of wierd music. Braves and Squaws emerge from the wigwams to join in the dance. Finally the music ceases and the Indians toss themselves about the camp fire.

POWHATAN.

Ye gallant Braves the wilderness is ours;
Each bud that blossoms, every tree that
towers,
And spreads its branches in majestic sway;
Song birds whose early music heralds day;
Fish, buffaloes, deer, everything that lives,
Are gifts the Great Almighty Spirit gives.

HIAWATHA.

Beloved Sachem, it is even so.
His Spirit sends the rain that maize may
grow.

MINNEHAHA.

His dew and sunlight make the flowers
bloom

THE MEDICINE MAN.

His wondrous skill distills their sweet per-
fume

POWHATAN.

To Osceola.

What sayest thou?

OSCEOLA.

My counsel shall be

brief.

To Braves.

Prove faithful to the Spirit and the Chief.

Pocahontas appears.

POCAHONTAS.

Beloved Father, Chieftain of us all,

Pray come with me to see the water fall.

The laughing water chants a charming
lay,

Where silver moonlight mingles with the
spray.

POWHATAN.

We go.

BRAVES.

Adieu.

SAMOSET.

Appears.

Nay, stay! The strangest
news!

The Spirit's messengers of brightest hues!

POWHATAN.

What sawest thou?

SAMOSET.

A ship from yonder
shore,

A great canoe that sailed without an oar!
One sailor spoke to me. His face was
white,
His countenance was beautiful as light!

OSCEOLA.

What said he then?

SAMSET.

He seemed to wish me
well,
Though what his language was I cannot
tell.
My heart with love his seeming wish re-
turned,
While with astonishment my bosom burned.

POWHATAN.

What counsel now?

OSCEOLA.

These are the strang-
est things.

HIAWATHA.

Perchance these messengers are Heaven's
Kings.

GERONIMO.

Greet not in haste such sailors of the sea,
Perhaps they are but warriors as we.

OSCEOLA.

Methinks, my friends, that we should know
far more,
Before we either battle or adore.

POWHATAN.

Then go we armed. Geronimo be thou
And Hiawatha my companions now.
Braves watch for us. Come when we call.
Adieu.

*Geronimo and Hiawatha disappear with
Powhatan.*

POCAHONTAS.

Raises her eyes to Heaven in prayer.
Great Spirit be his Good Companion, too.

SCENE II.

VIRGINIA.

Place.—Jamestown.

WILLIAM.

ROLFE.

SMITH.

SETTLERS.

WILLIAM.

These are the lands Columbus gave the
world.

ROLFE.

Above them England's banner floats unfurled.

We, loyal courtiers of The Virgin Queen,
These lands that first by English eyes were
seen,

Do claim as realm of hers.

WILLIAM.

Then why not
call
The realm Virginia.

FIRST SETTLER.

Good.

SMITH.

Approved of all.

WILLIAM.

To farther honor our sovereign's fame.

ROLFE.

Virginia shall forever be its name.

SCENE III.

THE WATERFALL.

POWHATAN.

POCAHONTAS.

Powhatan on his return from the expedition with his companions meets Pocahontas at the Waterfall.

POCAHONTAS.

What have ye learned.

POWHATAN.

Small knowledge

have we got.

They spoke to us. We understood them not.

This wilderness our tribe hath loved so well,
Is also an abode where others dwell.

They signed we should exchange. We took it so.

Exhibits some English coins.

They gave me these for wampum, darts and bow.

Shows her a golden ring.

One they called Rolfe slipped off this little
band,

And from his finger placed it on my hand.
My love in turn bestows it upon thee.

Gives Pocahontas the ring.

Forever may its wearer happy be.

POCAHONTAS.

Joyously slips the circlet on her finger.

The wearer thanks her Father's love.

Holds up her hand containing the ring.

Behold!

POWHATAN.

His daughter is most welcome to the gold.

Turns to the waterfall.

Magnificent, good Maiden, it is true,
A fascinating and fantastic view,
My heart oft wonders.

POCAHONTAS.

At what can it be?

POWHATAN.

That Heaven gave me such a girl as thee,
My heart could forfeit anything for thine.

POCAHONTAS.

Mine almost deems thy placid mind divine.

POWHATAN.

My love for Pocahontas knows no bounds.

*Both reverently bow their heads in
prayer.*

Great Spirit guide us to the hunting
grounds.

Act II.

SCENE I.

BANISHMENT.

Time.—Sunset.

Place.—Under the trees.

ROGER.

WILLIAM.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

COLONISTS.

ROGER.

Ah, William, Friend, these wild men of the
wood,

Discard much that we civilized count good.
They rule their lives by no pre-ordered
chart,

What fascination dwells at Nature's heart!

WILLIAM.

Friend Roger, true, they rove at liberty,
Perform their daily living merrily;

With care-free hearts they glide athwart
the glen;

Wild, frank and free, yet level-minded men.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

One thing they lack to guide them through
life's storms,

These wild men must conform to our forms.

WILLIAM.

Some hearts among them Heaven's path
have trod.

ROGER.

Friends, their Great Spirit is the white
man's God.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

We worship not some heathen deity.

ROGER.

Some hearts among them beat most ten-
derly.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

Yea, let them beat by passion's tempests
tossed,

Unless they choose our doctrine they are
lost.

ROGER.

Lo, every bird that sails the azure sea,

And every fish that swims in jocund glee,
Yon buffaloes that graze where grass is tall,
The Father's love provideth for them all.
The Indians are our brothers. All on earth
Are children, Friends. One Father gave
us birth.

CHIEF FORMALIST.

Know that the great professors are incensed;
Strange doctrine we must strictly guard
against;
It overturns our formulated plan,
Teach further and you shall be banished,
man.

ROGER.

The Father's love hath meant so much to
me,
My hope is it may set all beings free.
Shall not His blessings, even now so rife,
Exalt all to eternal, joyous life?

CHIEF FORMALIST.

Nay, Roger, know that you must either go,
Or else refrain from further speaking so.

ROGER.

Since you demand it and your word is law,

To worship God, then, Roger shall withdraw.

Good Friends, adieu, 'tis sweeter to be free,
Where Nature formulates the sole decree,
Than to abide where much we love is taught,
But where there is no liberty of thought.

Roger disappears in the forest.

WILLIAM.

'Tis ever so, who teaches something new,
Is thrust aside most deeply loved by few;
Yet who for noble reasons risks his fame,
Posterity pays tribute to his name.

SCENE II.

THE HEART OF A WILDERNESS.

HIAWATHA.

OSCEOLA.

BLACK HAWK.

CANONICUS.

WILLIAM.

ROLFE.

Black Hawk and Canonicus armed.

Hiawatha and Osceola following.

HIAWATHA.

See yonder eagle using wings for oars.
Look Osceola how he sails and soars.

OSCEOLA.

An eagle's majesty!

HIAWATHA.

A noble theme!

OSCEOLA.

An eagle's freedom is a wild man's dream!
Observe he poises in the heavenly vast.

HIAWATHA.

So may man's spirit safely rest at last.

OSCEOLA.

Ah, who can tell us whence man's spirit
goes?

HIAWATHA.

The Spirit of the universe.

OSCEOLA.

He knows.

HIAWATHA.

*Pauses to drink at a cool forest spring
by which they are passing.*

Friend Osceola it is sweet to think,
That all from the celestial spring shall
drink,

That whoso quaffs the draught his soul
shall wear,
The perfectness that blooms forever fair.
Black Hawk and Canonicus hasten back.

CANONICUS.

Watch well yourselves!

BLACK HAWK.

Two whites are drawing near!

OSCEOLA.

Come, armies, Osceola knows no fear!

Canonicus and Black Hawk spring into neighboring thickets. Hiawatha and Osceola conceal themselves behind trees. William and Rolfe appear.

ROLFE.

This wilderness is wondrous to behold.

WILLIAM.

Its dark hued denizens were wondrous bold,
In visiting our colony alone,
All strangers as we were, so little known.

Canonicus, unseen by them, keeps an arrow well-aimed at the strangers. Osceola and Hiawatha suddenly emerge from

concealment. Rolfe and William step back astonished.

WILLIAM.

Halloo!

ROLFE.

Clinches his gun a little tighter.

What means your presence here?

HIAWATHA AND OSCEOLA.

Halloo!

ROLFE.

Come ye as foes?

WILLIAM.

Or come ye without
bow?

OSCEOLA.

We wander in the wilderness we love.

HIAWATHA.

Behold, unarmed. Friends, hail ye from
above?

WILLIAM.

We sailed across the sea blue as the sky,
Where billows roll.

ROLFE.

Whose waves are moun-
tain high.

WILLIAM.

We sailed and watched for weeks, day after
day.

ROLFE.

Our native land is many miles away.

WILLIAM.

Our vales grow flowers, too. Our timbers rise
In majesty like yours.

ROLFE.

Our Country lies
In the direction of the rising sun.
Our countrymen have countless glories won.
Now on these shores floats England's flag
unfurled,
No fairer banner floats in all the world!

OSCEOLA.

Claim ye these lands?

ROLFE.

As fruits of our toil.
Lo, all ye red men dwell on English soil!

HIAWATHA.

Yon darts a deer.

OSCEOLA.

Bounds on no beaten
track.

HIAWATHA.

'Tis free!

The deer darts past them. Canonicus and Black Hawk start after it with a whoop.

CANONICUS AND BLACK HAWK.

Wo-ack, Wo-ack, ha hack Wo-ack.

Hiawatha and Osceola disappear as suddenly as they came leaving Rolfe and William in mute wonderment.

SCENE III.

THE FAMINE.

Time.—Winter.

Place.—Jamestown.

WILLIAM.

ROLFE.

SMITH.

ROLFE.

Who could have guessed on leaving England's shore,

That such a destiny, so hard and sore,
Awaited us across the bright, blue sea?

WILLIAM.

Yet many bear far harder fates than we.

ROLFE.

To die of hunger is a bitter draught.

WILLIAM.

A cup that many men have gladly quaffed.
The fear of death have multitudes with-
stood,

'Tis sweet to give one's life for human good,
To yield one's earthly vessel, sails and helm,
To win a cabin in some better realm.

Lo, Roger plunged into the forest deep
Without a murmur, climbed the dangerous
steep,

And now behold, though lost to our view,
The Spirit hovers over Roger, too.

Smith appears.

SMITH.

We have had pain enough. To give it pause,
The time has come. We must remove the
cause.

The cause is hunger.

ROLFE.

Most correctly viewed.

SMITH.

And hunger plainly comes from lack of food.

WILLIAM.

Kind Providence shall feed us.

ROLFE.

Where or
when?
What boots philosophy for hungry men?

SMITH.

Food we shall have, and from the Indians'
fare,
Smith shall obtain it, Friends, or perish
there.

WILLIAM.

Nay, Smith, you play too generous a part.

ROLFE.

Go hungry. Die not by an Indian's dart.

SMITH.

What evidences are there for alarm?
Or that the Indians even wish us harm?
When have they hurt a hair of any head?
We must have bread.

ROLFE.

Then let me go instead.

Should you be lost the colony would die,
And not a soul to tell the reason why.

SMITH.

It is my plan.

ROLFE.

Mine is a younger heart.

SMITH.

My sturdy hand shall execute the part.
Though veins of youth flow quick, impulsive blood,
In age experience is a mighty flood.
Thy courage no one questions. Sharp thine eyes,
This feat needs more—a mind discreet and wise.
Guard well the camp. Let hope's glad fires burn,
Till Smith, if fate decrees it, shall return.
Smith disappears in the forest.

Act III.

SCENE I.

THE VISIT.

Time—Noon.

Place—The Indian Village.

POWHATAN, THE HAUGHTY.

HIAWATHA.

OSCEOLA.

GERONIMO.

CHOCTAW.

BLACK HAWK.

CANONICUS.

SAMOSET.

POCAHONTAS.

MINNEHAHA.

INDIANS.

SMITH.

Powhatan and Hiawatha conversing.

Osceola in a reverie.

Geronimo sharpening his tomahawk.

*Choctaw, the expert Indian stoneworker,
making arrows.*

*Black Hawk and Canonicus amusing
themselves with the bow.*

*Pocahontas grinding maize with a crude
barbarian millstone.*

Minnehaha doing bead work.

Indians busy with their duties.

HIAWATHA.

How wild the life we love.

POWHATAN.

And wilder still,
The whoop of battle's fascinating thrill.

HIAWATHA.

My spirit loves these woods where Beauty's
gleam
Peeps from the heart of every purling
stream;
Where birds employ most tenderly their
powers,
In serenading glorious forest flowers.

POWHATAN.

My spirit loves the honor of our tribe,
Let every noble heart on earth imbibe

A pure affection for his Native land;
For love of Country let each patriot stand.
Whoe'er against my Country drives the
storm,
Shall fall or rise above my fainting form!
Samoset appears.

SAMOSET.

A white man is approaching us.

GERONIMO.

Springing up.

Beware!

OSCEOLA.

Be diligent in exercising care.

POWHATAN.

Pray, why should we not meet the whites
again?

'Tis well that we learn further of these men.

GERONIMO.

They come as spies to ferret out our site.
Mark, we shall be assailed some inky night.

*Smith appears. Geronimo, Canonicus
and Black Hawk glide away unobserved.*

SMITH.

Good morning, Friends.

HIAWATHA.

We wish thee
equal cheer.

OSCEOLA.

Be seated.

POWHATAN.

Pray, what business brings you
here?

*Smith seats himself, astonished that the
Indians appear so little surprised at his
arrival.*

SMITH.

My business is a sorry quest for food;
These woods once novel now seem cold and
rude,
Each dreary day that passes grows more
dull,
We starve like rats on some deserted hull.

POWHATAN.

What is thy name?

SMITH.

My people call me
Smith.

We wish to buy some maize of you.

POWHATAN.

Wherewith?

SMITH.

Holds out a handful of gold coins.

In our land these shining coins, behold,
Are used for buying things. They are of
gold.

For hungry Settlers food alone allures,
Give us some maize, the glittering coins
are yours.

POWHATAN.

His lack of hospitality excuse;
Thy small request must Powhatan refuse.

SMITH.

Exhibits his compass.

Behold this compass, turn it as you will,
Yet to the North Star points the needle
still.

This curious instrument of brass is mine,
Give us but maize, the compass shall be
thine.

POWHATAN.

His seeming harshness pray thee to excuse.
This new request must Powhatan refuse.

SMITH.

Shows them his watch.

Lo, with this little instrument you may
At any moment tell the time of day.

For when the hands are here in time's swift
flight,

Points to the noon hour.

'Tis either noon or else 'tis midmost night.
And when the hands are so,

Turns the hands to the six o'clock hour.
the moments

run

About the rising or the setting sun.

These hands are moved by springs on lit-
tle reels,

And by a multitude of tiny wheels.

Opens to the works of the watch.

OSCEOLA.

Most wondrous instrument!

SMITH.

Winds the watch.

Wound once

a day.

Pray give us maize and keep the watch for
pay.

POWHATAN.

My firm resolve you may, or not, excuse,
Know, all your barterings we shall refuse!

SMITH.

Then have ye no regard for dying men?

POWHATAN.

Pray, what regard then show your people
when
They would deprive the Indians of their
lands,
And drive away the straggling Indian
bands?

SMITH.

This wilderness, my Friends, is not so
small,
Like Heaven, 'tis great enough to hold us
all.

POWHATAN.

Then why claim ye this land?

SMITH.

Because

'tis fit.

Did not two Englishmen discover it?

POWHATAN.

Ah, Smith, thine is a most peculiar view,
Then you are ours, since we discovered
you.

SMITH.

Smith is no mendicant. In honest deals
He would have purchased maize; begs not
nor steals.

You have withheld it; then my visit ends;
Perhaps upon your maize our fate depends.
Smith braved not many deaths that you
may vow,

To bend his knee unto an Indian now.
Your firm resolve is spoken as we know,
It doubtless shall remain firm.

POWHATAN.

Even so.

SMITH.

Too often Smith his nearest end eschewed,
To perish now from merest lack of food.
Should Destiny decree it, let us die.
Smith shall at least meet death with fear-
less eye.

*The Indians, marveling at his courage,
permit Smith to depart unmolested.*

SCENE II.

CHARITY.

*Time—Sunset.**Place—The Forest.*

MINNEHAHA.

SMITH.

Smith plodding wearily along on his homeward journey, suddenly finds himself in the presence of Minnehaha.

MINNEHAHA.

White Father, pray be kind and pardon me
For lack of modesty in meeting thee
Alone here in this wild, secluded spot.

SMITH.

Fair, youthful maid my heart upbraids thee
not.

MINNEHAHA.

Thy courage is with Indian love bedewed.
What suffering must come from lack of food.
Compassion beats beneath a woman's breast.

Hands Smith a basketful of provisions.
Accept this maize. May those you love
be blest.

SMITH.

And if they ask—

MINNEHAHA.

Where thou the corn didst
find?

Falls to her knees with bowed head.

Say: Minnehaha loves all human kind.

*Smith reverently places his hand on the
head of Minnehaha.*

SMITH.

May Heaven ever keep thee kind and whole;
May the Great Father guard thy generous
soul.

*Smith takes her hand and raises Minne-
haha to her feet.*

Smith is a restless rover upon earth,
Accounted oft perhaps of little worth;
A rough, unpolished man, though blunt and
rude,
His Spirit yields thee worlds of gratitude.

SCENE III.

THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP.

*Time.—Evening.**Place.—The Jamestown Settlement.*

WILLIAM.

ROLFE.

SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE COLONY.

SOLDIER.

INDIAN.

SETTLERS.

SMITH.

How strange these wild men of the wilder-
ness.

FIRST SETTLER.

Most shy.

ROLFE.

Yet bold.

WILLIAM.

And ready to suppress
Suspicion.

SOLDIER.

One they called Geronimo,
Used passing well his arrow, spear and bow.

WILLIAM.

Their childlike frankness is a polished gem;

How curious must we settlers seem to them.

SOLDIER.

My breast shares not thy trust good Quaker
Bard,

But rather warns. Be ever on thy guard.

SMITH.

Thinkst they would harm?

ROLFE.

What know we
of these men?

Their origin, from whence they came, or
when?

SECOND SETTLER.

That they can shoot and use their arrows
well!

SOLDIER.

That battle brews a soldier's heart can tell!

*The slight rustle of a dry leaf turns all
eyes toward a thicket from which darts an
Indian at full speed.*

SOLDIER.

Shoots.

A spy!

THIRD SETTLER.

He flies!

FOURTH SETTLER.

Behold he scales the hill!

WILLIAM.

Can it be possible he wills us ill?

SMITH.

To arms! Let not an eye be closed tonight.
Guard well the camp until the break of light.

SCENE IV.

THE PRAYER OF MINNEHAHA.

Great Spirit, Thou who dwellest far aloft,
Make Thou good Hiawatha's pillow soft.
Some one has pierced him, whereupon he
swooned,
Make him to rise in health. Heal Thou
his wound.
Why should men suffer? Why the galling
tear
Go tricking down to drown the smile of
cheer?
Thou knowest. Hast for man a recompense;
Thy sunlight gloweth on however dense
The clouds. Stream through the windows
of his soul,
And make good Hiawatha's spirit whole.

Act IV.

SCENE I.

THE COUNCIL.

Place.—The Indian Camp.

All the Braves except Hiawatha, who is in a tepee.

POWHATAN.

Ye Braves! Like sturdy mountains let us
stand

In bold defence of this, our native land!
This wilderness until the present day,
Our tribe has held in undisputed sway.

GERONIMO.

Behold, the white man's beauteous emerald
bower,
Conceals a thorn beneath its fairest flower.

POWHATAN.

Our Hiawatha bleeds with swooning heart,
Lies in the camp pierced by the white man's
dart.

GERONIMO.

They seek this land; its every bud and gem,
They fain would have us yield the field to
them.

POWHATAN.

What shall we say?

CANONICUS.

That we shall never
yield!

THE BRAVES.

Nay!

OSCEOLA.

That we shall forever hold the field!

POWHATAN.

This be the message then. We die or win!

CANONICUS.

A bunch of arrows in a serpent's skin!

Proceeds to arrange the arrows.

These deadly darts wrapped in this rattle-
snake,

Shall doubtless make our deadly foemen
quake!

POWHATAN.

Go, Friend Canonicus, guard well thy feet,
Fling them the messageswiftly, then retreat

Canonicus bounds into the forest carrying his crude quiver of arrows.

OSCEOLA.

Thou Spirit of all battles lead the way.

POWHATAN.

Great Spirit give us victory today!

SCENE II.

THE CHALLENGE.

Time.—Dusk.

Place.—Jamestown.

WILLIAM.

ROLFE.

SMITH.

SOLDIER.

COLONISTS.

CANONICUS.

The Colonists enjoy the rest of twilight quiet.

Canonicus for an instant shows his face among the shrubbery, but immediately vanishes after tossing some object into the camp.

CANONICUS.

Taste these!

SMITH.

Rushing toward the shrubbery shouting.

What means this trespass!

Men, to arms!

ROLFE.

Picking up the object tossed by Canonicus.

Behold!

FIRST COLONIST.

It doubtless means a thousand
harms.

A thorough examination reveals nothing

SMITH.

These Indians are an agile, wary foe,
Like apparitions dart they to and fro.
An instant seen they vanish into air,
Investigation proves no man is there.
They fear lest we shall rob them of their
land.

What tossed he Rolfe? What holdest in
thy hand?

ROLFE.

Draws out an arrow.
Some poisoned arrows.

Tries its edge.

Sharp as dagger
blade.

Gives the quiver to Smith.

SMITH.

A quiver such as white man never made.
A rattler's skin.

SOLDIER.

Draws out another arrow.

"Taste these," he said.

Bequeath
To them for this the taste of serpent's teeth!

WILLIAM.

Let moderation mark our every act.

SMITH.

The Indians may be pacified with tact.

SOLDIER.

Who fears these skulking hounds? At
break of day,
A battle would be but a morning's play.

WILLIAM.

At first they were our Friends.

SMITH.

'Twere well
as then,

Could we regain their confidence again.

WILLIAM.

Give me the quiver.

Smith hands him the quiver and William examines the arrows.

Who could e'er have
guessed,
That these once friendly arrows would molest?

SMITH.

Men leave the task to me. Watch well
tonight.
My task begins with early morning light.

ROLFE.

Smith is entitled to our high regard,
He found us food when famine threatened
hard.

WILLIAM.

We trust you, Smith, to form some friendly
plan,
High Heaven makes one family of man.
Man's foe is his propensity to fight,
Peace is the Guardian Angel of his light.

SCENE III.

THE HEROIC DEED.

Time.—Morning, January 5, 1608.

Place.—The Indian Village.

POCAHONTAS.

POWHATAN.

HIAWATHA.

OSCEOLA.

OPECANCHANOUGH.

INDIANS.

SMITH.

SMITH.

Again appears among the Indians.

My Friends, a glad good morning to you all.

HIAWATHA.

Not yet recovered, reclining on a blanket.

My heart appreciates thy cordial call.

OSCEOLA.

With a bow of respect.

Thy cordial salutation we return.

OPECANCHANOUGH.

Thy business first 'twere proper we should
learn.

SMITH.

My business is the friendly search of peace,
'Tis our desire that bitterness should cease.

POWHATAN.

War suits our Tribe's tradition passing well.
Lo,

Pointing to Hiawatha.

One among us wounded by you—fell.

SMITH.

Brave Powhatan, 'twas never my desire,
That Friend of thine should fall by our fire.
Our watchmen, hearing noise became
alarmed,

And so it happened that thy Friend was
harmed,

Yet how knew they at night without a lamp,
But what some wild beast prowled about
the camp.

Should danger threaten this thy village so,
Would not thy dart, too, pierce an unknown
foe?

A wise man's heart lets not his anger live,
Friend Powhatan 'tis noble to forgive.

POWHATAN.

Although thy talk seems beautiful and
bland,

At heart you would deprive us of our land.
You seek extermination of our race,
With Powhatan forgiveness knows no place.
The word is war. Red battle unto death,
Till not a white man breathes a single
breath!

*Many of the Braves with glowing eyes
express their approval by drawing darts
from their quivers.*

SMITH.

*Draws from his bosom the serpent skin
of Canonicus now filled with powder and
shot. Yet knowing the limits of his ammu-
nition and the vast difference in numbers
between his own little party and the multi-
tudes of his opponents, Smith still seeks to
conciliate the Indians, but in vain.*

Hold Chieftain, thus far all my means were
fair.

Disputest this? Not one among you dare.
A wise man chooses Reason's course to joys,
While others suffer from their poisoned
toys.

*Smith pours the powder and shot into
his hand before Powhatan.*

An Indian's archery is a perfect sense;

*Tosses some powder on the ground and
lights it, whereupon it explodes into the
faces of the bewildered Braves.*

Behold a white man's weapons of defence.

Doubt ye concerning our superior skill?

We prove it by another method still.

Fires his weapon at a neighboring tree.

The bullet clips off a twig.

'Tis not our wish to fight, yet if we must,
No lack of means shall hamper us we trust.

Let Smith advise for yours and our good,

Let Friendship reign between us as it
should.

POWHATAN.

Are we not men of courage, thinkest thou?
To frighten us with exhibitions now.

Did ever Indian yet his vow forego,
To aid his Friend against some dangerous
foe?

The word is war which word shall so remain;
Not worlds of Smiths can change it or
restrain

These Braves from doing what is in my
mind,

Or from accomplishing the plan designed.

SMITH.

War be it then. War to the bitter end,
Toward peace my energies no more shall
bend.

Relentless Fate makes Powhatan my foe;
When Fate decrees Smith lays his foemen
low.

Our Colonists no longer shall refrain
From war or keep their honor on a strain.
That our little colony can fight,
Thy warriors shall learn before tonight.

*Turns to go, but finds himself surrounded
by Braves.*

POWHATAN.

Thy colony shall never see thee more,
For once thy fearlessness hath proved thee
sore;

To us thy miserable life belongs,
Bind me this smooth-tongued reprobate
with thong.

*The Braves lay hands on him. Smith
resists, but is finally overpowered by num-
bers, taken captive by Opecanchanough and
bound hand and foot.*

POWHATAN.

To so address a chief is far amiss;

Thy life shall pay the penalty for this.

Pocahontas, Minnehaha and other Indians of gentle nature tremble for Smith in a far corner of the camp.

My war-club quick!

A Brave brings his huge club to Powhatan.

His head upon a block!

Hiawatha forgetting his wound springs up to plead for the life of Smith.

HIAWATHA.

Let mercy rule thy heart.

POWHATAN.

My heart is rock.

HIAWATHA.

Good Chieftain, pause. Pray stay thy mighty hand.

POWHATAN.

Who caused thy wound? Who steals thy Chieftain's land?

**The hand of Powhatan is never stayed,
The heart of Powhatan is never swayed.
Strict justice now ensue. Be this the plan:
He would have slain thee. Let man die
for man!**

HIAWATHA.

Siezes Powhatan's arm.

Smith must not die!

POWHATAN.

Man, thou thyself hast
bled!

Pushes Hiawatha rudely from him.

Who stays my arm receives the blow in-
stead.

*The Braves place Smith's head on a stone
block. Powhatan raises his club.*

POCAHONTAS.

*Flings herself between Smith and the up-
lifted club pleading for the Colonist's life.*

He may not mean to harm us. Who can
tell?

And Hiawatha's wound is getting well.

Beloved Father, were my Mother here,
She, too, would plead with tender word and
tear;

Would take this brave yet helpless pris-
oner's part,

Compassion reigned Queen of my Mother's
heart.

How we both loved her you remember well.

POWHATAN.

Unconsciously letting his club sink.

We loved her more than human tongue can
tell.

POCAHONTAS.

To please her memory who ruled thy breast,
Set this man free. It is our love's request.

POWHATAN.

Dazed.

What hast thou done! Fair Daughter 'tis
my will.

My love for thee like for thy Mother still
Must be subservient to thy father's vow;
A Sachem must retain an honest brow.
'Twas sworn to strike whoever intercedes,
And now, alas, it is my Daughter bleeds.

His voice trembles.

Yet bleeds not more my girl—nor ever can,
Strokes her hair tenderly.
Than bleeds the sorrowing heart of Powha-
tan.

Canst bear it?

POCAHONTAS.

If it be my Father's will,
His vow my heart is ready to fulfill.

To any fate the Spirit hath assigned,
Can Pocahontas learn to be resigned.

POWHATAN.

Raises his club for the sacrifice.
Prepare thyself.

INDIANS.

No! No!

HLAWATHA.

It cannot be,
That Heaven demands such deed as this of
thee!

POWHATAN.

*Overwhelmed at the sudden outburst of
his tribe, again lowers his club.*
What shall be done?

POCAHONTAS.

Think not of me a whit,
Perform thy duty as thou seest it.

OSCEOLA.

Before attempting such a solemn rite,
'Twere well to pause awaiting further light.

POWHATAN.

Whose countenance suddenly brightens.
My Child, did not thy father promise thee,
To do whatever you would ask of me?

POCAHONTAS.

Eagerly.

True, while the waterfall so charmed us
both.

OSCEOLA.

A promise is as sacred as an oath.

POWHATAN.

When solemn vows conflict what ought we
do?

OSCEOLA.

'Tis mete we keep the wiser of the two.

POWHATAN.

Braves, loose this varlet's thongs and let
him go.

To Smith.

For this time be delivered from thy woe.
Whene'er we meet again we meet to kill,
To try thine own against an Indian's skill.
The heart of Powhatan shall never rest,
Till blood propitiates his angry breast;
Till all the colonists, our deadly foes,
Shall bite the black dust slain by Indian
blows.

SMITH.

On being loosed and accorded Freedom.

Man, canst thou not in generous Friendship
live?

For this Smith hath no gratitude to give.

To Pocahontas with reverent bow.

Blest Indian Maid, to whom amidst the
strife,

Thy grateful friend forever owes his life;

My spirit's thanks. This breast thou hast
imbued

With streams of warm, immortal gratitude.

All Heaven and Earth shall learn of this
and say,

Thine was a noble heroine's act today.

Though from their memories men all else
should blot,

Thy generous deed shall never be forgot.

*Powhatan and Osceola converse in low
tones. Smith departs. The Indians form
a ring about Pocahontas, their Lady of
Honor, shower her with garlands and be-
gin their brisk, quaint dancing amid weird
music, glad shouts and songs of rejoicing.*

SCENE IV.

THE BENEFACTRESS.

Time.—Afternoon.

Place.—Jamestown.

POCAHONTAS.

WILLIAM.

SMITH.

ROLFE.

*Pocahontas bears a basket of maize to
the struggling Settlers.*

WILLIAM.

*Who first observes her some distance
away.*

Behold, an Indian Maiden kindly bent
On bringing maize into the settlement.

SMITH.

'Tis Pocahontas, she who rescued me,
Persuading her stern sire to set me free.

Clasps her hand, bowing low.

Fair benefactress, it is passing sweet,
Thy gentle spirit here again to greet.

POCAHONTAS.

Friend, through thy veins the blood of
courage ran;
The Indians love a kind, courageous man.

SMITH.

My gratitude can angels only tell,
Thy generous deed my comrades all know
well.

POCAHONTAS.

Thy comrades may the gentle Spirit bless.
Hands him her basket.
Accept this token of our friendliness.

SMITH.

We thank thee, Pocahontas. Thou art good
Meet William.

WILLIAM.

Gentle Empress of the wood.
Courageous Heroine, angels hold thee dear,
To spirits such as thine they whisper cheer.
High Heaven upon her white, immortal
page,
Records thy name with all the generous
brave.

POCAHONTAS.

The Spirit walks with thee. It pleases me
To meet a man so noble. Ah, but see,
The day is passing and the sun is low,
My soul must haste away.

SMITH.

Before you go,
Wait long enough to meet our Cavalier.
Good Rolfe, thou seest Pocahontas here?
*The young Colonist and the Indian
Maiden clasp hands.*

ROLFE.

In saving Smith, sweet Friend, you saved
us all,
For without Smith our colony would fall.
From hearts of love our gratitude is due,
We Colonists all owe our lives to you.

POCAHONTAS.

Your gratitude shall live—though now we
part,
Forever cherished in an Indian's heart,
Adieu.

WILLIAM, SMITH AND ROLFE.
Adieu.

ROLFE.

'Tis hardly proper so,
The lady unaccompanied should go.

SMITH.

Escort her back. Of courtesy the best
Is none too good for offering such a guest.

ROLFE.

Overtaking Pocahontas.

Good Maiden, through the lonely forest way,
Let Rolfe be your companion for today.

POCAHONTAS.

A sweeter joy my mind could not design,
Than having such companionship as thine.

*William and Smith wave their hands at
parting. Rolfe and Pocahontas wave
theirs in return.*

SCENE V.

BETROTHMENT.

Time.—A starlit night.

Place.—The majestic forest.

ROLFE.

POCAHONTAS.

Walking together.

ROLFE.

There is a charm about the forest dell.

POCAHONTAS.

A fascination. Indians know it well.

ROLFE.

The trees all raise their reverent arms in
air,

As though, mid silence, worshipful, at
prayer.

POCAHONTAS.

The tender Spirit rests upon them all,
Bestows his bounteous gifts on great and
small.

My heart has learned to love each separate
tree, /

Shall not the ones we love in Heaven be?
'Tis sweet to dream 'mong all those glories
rare,
The trees we love shall leaf and blossom
there.

ROLFE.

If those we love share with us Heaven's
height,
Kind Pocahontas is my Heaven's light.

POCAHONTAS.

In earth or Heaven Friendship knows no
end,
Though ages pass a Friend remains a Friend.

ROLFE.

May ours be so—a Friendship that will last,
Though centuries on centuries flee past.

POCAHONTAS.

A loyal heart extends its love to all,
Like Heaven, bestows it upon great and
small.
Thou hast my Friendship.

ROLFE.

Thank you, Rolfe
hath won

A gem that shineth always like the sun.
Thy love is cherished like the starry land,
Pray in return accept my heart and hand.

Proffers her his hand.

POCAHONTAS.

Grasps it warmly.

My friendship shall forever be the same,
My spirit's love you may forever claim,
The Spirit reigns in universal space,
All men are members of the heavenly race;
Yet thou art white while mine is Indian
blood;

Between us flows a stern, relentless flood.
Though Pocahontas loves her Lover, still
She must not wed against her Father's will.
Although immortal is my love for you,
Love for my Father is immortal, too.
Although my Father wishes to do right,
His heart desires not to love a white.
It may—may not—remain forever so,
We can but trust. Our wish high Heaven
shall know.

ROLFE.

Thy Rolfe remains the happiest of men,
His heart is light as that of yonder wren.
For woman's love a man can leave his all,

And deem this greatest sacrifice but small;
Can live in pleasure on the fertile lands,
Or dwell rejoicing on the desert sands,
So long as yet his bosom certain is,
Love blazes on between her heart and his.
Deprived of love hope topples down to earth,
And life remains a bauble, void of worth.
Now Sweetheart, prithee wear my ring for
aye—

*Reaches for the ring he is accustomed to
wear on his finger, but finds it gone.*
Alas, fair Maid, my ring was given away.

POCAHONTAS.

Isthis the ring?

ROLFE.

Astounded.

It is. Yet, can it be?

POCAHONTAS.

You gave it to my Father, he to me.

Hands Rolfe the ring.

And Pocahontas gives it back to you.

ROLFE.

Restores it to the finger of Pocahontas
Take thou it now to seal our vows anew.
And may the circlet evermore be thine,
The signet of thy Father's love and mine

Act V.

SCENE I.

THE EXILE.

Time.—Night.

Place.—The Forest.

POWHATAN.

OPECANCHANOUGH.

HIAWATHA.

GERONIMO.

BLACK HAWK.

CANONICUS.

INDIANS.

ROGER.

*A Council of the Braves. The address
of Powhatan.*

POWHATAN.

Beloved braves, the final hour hath struck,
Success depends on every Indian's pluck.
We shall attack the colony tonight,
Let not a single white see morning light.

Provide yourselves with tomahawks and
darts.

They steal your lands, prepare to steel your
hearts.

Let stealth rule every footstep of the way,
Prepare yourselves to plunder, burn and
slay!

*An unknown white man in the rude garb
of an Indian rushes into the secret assem-
bly contrary to the tribe's established tra-
dition. Hiawatha instantly takes a posi-
tion at his side.*

ROGER.

Great Sachem, may thy servant beg of thee,
To set aside destructions dire decree?
We whites do not intend our brothers harm.
Hath not the light of brotherhood a charm?

POWHATAN.

Thou base intruder, thinkest thou my plan
Can be defeated by one pale-faced man?

To Braves.

Friends, shall we tolerate these haughty
men,
Who prowl and peer about our meeting
when

Our Braves are all assembled to imbibe
The secret, sacred counsel of our tribe?

BRAVES.

No! No!

BLACK HAWK.

'Tis certain he is but a spy.

CANONICUS.

A dart.

OPECANCHANOUGH.

The wilderness, there let him die!

GERONIMO.

Braves, well you know to whites however
bold,

Geronimo continued blunt and cold.

He would not now the poisoned dart oppose,
Nor shield this white intruder from his foes,
Had not this same intruder saved my life.

HIAWATHA.

Lo, Brother Braves, let us abandon strife.

GERONIMO.

Once walking on the foaming river's bank,
The ground gave away and so my body sank,
'Twas swiftly drawn into the raging flood,
The icy current almost froze my blood,

And when my waning strength assayed to
swim,

My aching body could not move a limb.
Twice went my body under, all its length,
In plunged this swimmer with a giant's
strength,

And then my senses fled. As in a dream,
Again my body lay beside the stream.
Like the Great Spirit's messenger, so fair,
A moment stood the man above me there.
Said he, "Tis well, concerning this affair,
My Friend, do not repeat it anywhere."
Nor would one sentence yet escape my
breath,
If further silence would not seal his death.

POWHATAN.

Man, thou art free. Such friendly valor
must
Command long admiration, love and trust.

HIAWATHA.

"Tis good to know our worthy Friend is free.
Ye heard Geronimo. Braves hear ye me.
That fatal night, while struggling on in pain
To reach a safe retreat, it seemed in vain.

Ere long, exhausted through my sorry
wound,
My feet gave way and Hiawatha swooned.
But Heaven's kind protection, ever nigh,
Provided that this man was passing by.
As rainbow smiles pursue the frowning
storm,
He tossed his cloak upon my bleeding form.
In haste he brought me water from the
spring,
To moist my parching lips. No bard could
sing
How fresh that water tasted to me then,
On coming to my sorry self again.
He was my staff upon the journey back;
And aided me along the bushy track,
Across the muddy, miry, marshy damp,
Nor left my side until we reached the camp.
He said he was a man who dwelt alone,
And did not wish to make his presence
known;
He asked me to conceal his little acts,
And so, till now, my heart withheld the
facts.

ROGER.

Good Hiawatha hath not told you all,
Who plants a tree for him will apples fall.
For years my home hath been the forest
shade,
Most amply was my little deed repaid;
When gauntest famine threatened me for
days,
Kind Hiawatha often brought me maize.
Thou, noble Chief, desirest to do right,
Pray leave the Colonists unharmed tonight.

POWHATAN.

Wilt pledge our safety?

ROGER.

Here upon the spot
Make Roger surety that they harm you not.
If e'er again their weapons open strife,
Let Roger pay the penalty with life.

POWHATAN.

Fervently grasps Roger's hand.
The word is peace. With such a man of
Right,
No Powhatan shall ever wish to fight.
Come to the camp-fire, Friend, and share
our best,
Thy spirit is an ever welcome guest.

All the Indians reverently clasp Roger's hand, retire to the camp-fire and in honor of their guest begin dancing, with renewed vigor, to weird music, shouts of welcome and songs of jubilation.

SCENE II.
JUSTICE.

Place.—The Indian Village.

WILLIAM.
POCAHONTAS.
HIAWATHA.
POWHATAN.
BRAVES.

WILLIAM.
Arrives at the Indian Village.
Friend William brings you all good-will
and peace.

POCAHONTAS.
Welcomes him and returns his greeting.
May blessedness for William never cease.
Friends Smith and Rolfe are well?

WILLIAM.

Yea, even so.
Smith sends his love and Rolfe a full
heart's glow.

HIAWATHA.

Ah, thou art Roger's friend.

WILLIAM.

True, knowest
thou,
That man of heavenly build and comely
brow?

HIAWATHA.

My benefactor often roves with me;
His spirit oft portrays its love for thee.
A generous friend to all that breathes and
lives.

WILLIAM.

A genial man whose spirit ever gives.

HIAWATHA.

He won our Indian love with happy ends;
Behold, the white man's foes are now his
friends.

WILLIAM.

He seeks his brother's interest alone.

HIAWATHA.

And finds his brother's joy becomes his
own.

Behold our worthy Chief.

WILLIAM.

My mission here,
Is to exchange a friendly word of cheer.
My heart entreats thee, sell me if thou wilt,
The land on which our colony is built.

POWHATAN.

Benevolent man, thine is a glorious view,
The heart of Powhatan is generous, too.
Mine own desire shall cede to you these
lands,
On which the white man's little village
stands.

*Seats himself to draw up a deed for the
property.*

WILLIAM.

It is not fair to cede this strip of earth,
Without receiving value for its worth.
Where Justice rules and balance sways the
scale,
There friendship and prosperity prevail.

But where unfairness robs the weak or
strong,
Indignant hearts rise to resent the wrong.

POWHATAN.

Hands William the signed deed.
Accept this tribute to an honest man,
Accept it as the gift of Powhatan.

WILLIAM.

'Tis well, you give this tract of land to me,
Hands him a bag of gold coins.
Permit me to present this gift to thee.

POWHATAN.

Gratefully receives the gift.
It pleases me to see, most welcome guest,
That honesty still sways the human breast.
Because this deed was by a Quaker done,
Let Indians everywhere beneath the sun,
Revere the noble Quakers in their lore,
And leave them unmolested evermore.

As Powhatan makes this fervent declaration, every Brave stands with bowed head, while the sentiment leaping within them finds utterance in the words of Hia-watha.

1000

HIAWATHA.

Beloved Brother, love hath taken root,
Love a flower is fair. It beareth noble fruit.

SCENE III.

THE MARRIAGE.

Time.—Summer, 1613.

Place.—The Jamestown Church.

All the Indians and all the Colonists.

*The little place of worship, adorned with
wild flowers, is entirely filled with guests.*

*Rolfe and Pocahontas stand as the Pas-
tor rises from his seat in the pulpit.*

PASTOR.

Dost thou, Rolfe, Colonist and Cavalier,
Accept this Indian Maiden now and here,
As wedded spouse? And Pocahontas thou,
Beloved of all, approvest thou this vow?
Acceptest Rolfe as husband? Do you say
You both desire to seal your troth today?

BOTH.

Clasping hands.

We do.

W. R.

PASTOR.

'Tis so. Let life be linked to life,
Count Rolfe and Pocahontas man and wife.

*Congratulation amid general rejoicing
and showers of wild roses intermingled
with forget-me-nots.*

POWHATAN.

My love.

SMITH.

Best wishes.

HIAWATHA.

Greeting.

MINNEHAHA.

Happiness.

WILLIAM.

May all the powers of Heaven your journey
bless.

POCAHONTAS.

We thank you.

ROGER.

Life with heavenly joys be-
dewed.

BLACK HAWK.

Strength.

CANONICUS.
Greatness.

GERONIMO.
Freedom.

PASTOR.
Peace.

ROLFE.
Our

gratitude.

SCENE IV.

THE RECEPTION.

Time.—1619.

Place.—London, England.

A gathering of notables in honor of Pocahontas.

LORD MAYOR.

POCAHONTAS.

ROLFE.

GUESTS.

LORD MAYOR.

The ancient Shepherd guards us as of old,
Count all humanity this Shepherd's fold.
His family abides in every land;
He leads His children with a loving hand.

In every breast this universal Sire,
Implants the spirit of heroic fire.
In city or amidst the forest wild,
Nobility is born with every child.
One child among these is Rebecca styled,
Good Pocahontas brave, serene and mild,
This heroine, more wondrous than a myth,
Risked her own life to rescue Captain
Smith.

*Holds high a tumbler of cool spring
water.*

Friends, let us drink this crystal water's
wealth,
And wish this gentle lady joy and health.

All drink.

Now London's hand its just reward confers,
Today the love of London's hearts is hers.

POCAHONTAS.

Rising spontaneously.

Dear Friends, 'tis only noble to be meek,
If modesty should counsel me to speak,
My overflowing bosom could but say,
Your generous hearts have won my love
today.

General applause.

SCENE V.

A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

*Time.—Twilight.**Place.—Under the great trees beside a little log cabin.*

POCAHONTAS.

ROLFE.

WILLY.	} Children of Rolfe and
MINNIE.	

POWHATAN.

POCAHONTAS.

Beloved Rolfe, it is the hour of hours,
When Nature soothes with all her gentle
powers.

There is a witchery in Nature's arms
Not elsewhere found—a witchery that
charms.

How sweet the music of yon purling stream.
Like distant shadows of some pleasing
dream,

Yon mountains lift their summits to the
sky.

ROLFE.

As though aspiring to the stars on high.

POCAHONTAS.

Those joyous stars. It seems as if they
could

Peep in at Heaven's glories if they would.

*Willy comes tripping to climb on his
Papa's knee.*

WILLY.

What are those bright lights?

ROLFE.

Fireflies.

WILLY.

They are?

They seem to be as big as any star.

ROLFE.

Some stars are bigger than this world of
ours.

WILLY.

Who put them there?

ROLFE.

The mighty Power
of powers.

WILLY.

And are there stars as far as we could go?

ROLFE.

There are, my son, so far as we can know.

*Powhatan comes walking with Minnie
on his shoulder.*

POCAHONTAS.

Loved Father, 'tis a fascinating night.

POWHATAN.

So bright because your merry heart is
light.

When hearts are happy, storms are splen-
did things,

And lightning flashes on majestic wings.
With heavy bosoms beauty seems a thrall,
And sunlight throws a shadow out from all.

POCAHONTAS.

How like the starlit dusk is life arrayed,
A glad yet solemn blend of light and shade.

MINNIE.

Bounds into her Mamma's lap.
Thy Minnie loves thee.

POCAHONTAS.

And her mamma,
too,
My darling, hath unbounded love for you.

POWHATAN.

Come, children, it is time to seek your beds.

ROLFE.

Beneath the coverlets go tuck your heads.

*The children kiss their parents and walk
into the cabin hand in hand with their
Grandfather.*

CHILDREN.

Goodnight.

GRANDFATHER.

Goodnight.

PARENTS.

Goodnight.

CHILDREN.

Sleep

well.

PARENTS.

You too.

POCAHONTAS.

May Heaven keep them innocent and true.

*Rolfe and Pocahontas follow the others
into the cabin, but pause in the doorway an
instant to say:*

ROLFE.

The spot where dear ones dwell man holds
above
All others

POCAHONTAS.

'Tis home, blest object of our
love!
For though through all the world our
spirits roam,
The spot we cherish most is still our home.

